

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke

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A PRAYER FOR HOME-MAKERS

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

—Washington Gladden.

ALL ARE SEEKING

THE institution of a season for penitence and prayer which the ancient Christian Church established way back in its beginnings corresponds to a real need in human nature. The yearning for peace and inward unity still continues and makes itself felt. Once in a long time one catches in a crowd the glimpse of a face in glowing contrast with all the rest. Instead of being marked with the ordinary lines of anxiety and care, eagerness to get ahead, or fearfulness of being caught, there shines forth from this exceptional countenance the light of a peace which can only gleam when all is right within.

A major motive in humankind is this search for peace. Those who have with their hands done the heavy work of the world are impelled by it when they form and maintain their labor

organizations. They would establish some security of tenure in their jobs, so as to avoid living in constant fear of no work and no pay. They would raise the margin of income so that they and their children can also raise their heads and look about in peace.

The man of affairs, grinding away at his business long after he seems to have accumulated far more than he can possibly use, is urged to the office by a fear that those who come after him will somehow fail to receive security, lack of which has made his own nightmares.

Collectively representatives of this business or of that have sought to find ways out of ruthless competition by associations, within the trade. Often the legality of such combinations is questioned, and often they appear in the eyes of the bulk of the people as oppressive, just as labor unions appear to those who do not belong. However, the strongest reason for combinations in trade, whether in unlawful restraint or not, is a reduction of the worry incident to being in business at all. The combination aims to maintain a refuge where there shall be a measure of commercial peace.

The prevailing theory seems to be that all the world cannot have this peace which all the world is seeking—that the refuge must be a small place into which it is impossible for many to enter. More anciently it was held that the only way to be sure of a quiet life was to build a strong castle surrounded by massive walls, with a deep ditch filled with water dug about them. Some of those who found substantial castles for themselves quite beyond their reach turned to distance for security, wandered off in groups or alone into the wilderness, to dwell there, remote, but safe from the intrusions and the risks inseparable from living with the great mass of people.

In the sense often accounted spiritual the path to peace is believed to be a complete withdrawal from ordinary affairs, or, if one must live in the world, he tries to do so without being of it. There

is a possibility of so cutting one's self off from the turning wheels and jarring sounds that cries of despair no longer reach his ears, that his eyes no longer are caught by scenes of distress. The life of others grows dim and far away; immersed in selfishness, the deserter of his kind attains a species of tranquillity. But even if the physical life is maintained for longer than the allotted span, even if the arteries do not harden, the heart grows hard. The sympathies dry up. The result is a semblance of peace where peace is not.

The trouble is that the hands were made for use, the feet for going on errands of mercy, the back for bearing some of the heavy weight imposed on other weaker backs. The heart was fashioned for affection. He who seeks peace by running away has failed to function. According to the inexorable law of use established at the creation, such a one must shrivel up to nothing.

Peace is a seeming contradiction. Those who have found it have usually been looking for something else. That old mother who sits so happy over her knitting may appear as though she had never done anything except knit. Such is not the case. Ever since the first baby came, long ago, she has been engrossed in doing the next thing to be done. She has been at work early in the morning and watched late into the night. She has darned and mended and scrimped. All through her children's school days she found time to keep in touch with the teachers. She has helped to guide the boys and girls at play, and now that they are established for themselves, she knits for their children. Through it all she has known constant care and frequent anxiety, but day by day she has been on her job of being a mother. The peace now in her face lies deep. It has been hers all along, abiding with her because she took her place in life.

In a sense the door through which peace enters the heart is a door so wide open that all the problems of the world come through it. He who has been accorded the name of the Prince of Peace had His periods of solitude, but they were brief compared with the rest of His life. Commonly He was in the market place in the midst of a crowd. Even when some admirer invited Him to dine, eager common folk, who felt need of Him, managed to slip into the private house where He was. Once at least a sick man was lowered to Him through the roof.

Peace to Him who is accounted to have had it most perfectly came through a door opened to the woes and ills of others.

Peace worth having must be inclusive, not exclusive. A door kept shut bars it out. The way to find it is through service. Calm are they whose daily work is such that they have the assurance of doing their utmost at something

important for the human family. The children who are happiest are those to whom are allotted certain light tasks which give them a sense of importance in the household. The boys and girls who do best in school are taking courses that have a real significance in their lives. The hope of education is in the present tendency to assign to individual children work for which they are fitted by temperament and for which they have been adequately prepared.

And so it is with older folk. The restless thousands who try to jazz their way to peace have not yet found their place in life. Sometimes it may be their fault. Quite often the fault is far beyond their shaping. A system of industry which calls only for hands and technical skill, and makes small claim on interest, heart, and mind, sends from its doors at the end of the day, or end of the week, a crowd hungering and thirsting for something which they feel may be found under the white lights.

If there is what may rightly be called the peace of God, it must be found in life itself, not in tawdriness, but in reality. And those who fail to find it there must make room for it by trying to fashion one little corner of this earth so that it will be a fit place for the best selves of men and women.—“*Uncle Dudley*,” in the *Boston Globe*.

Thank God for sleep!

And when you cannot sleep,
Still thank Him that you live
To lie awake.

And pray Him, of His grace,
When He sees fit, sweet sleep to give,
That you may rise, with new-born eyes,
To look once more into His shining Face.

—J. Oxenham.

All our works, even the greatest, are so little in relation to the world's need; all our works, even the least, are so great in relation to the doer's faithfulness. . . . Go, take up your work again and do it; do it with cheerfulness and love; so shall you shine with a glory which is all your own—a glory which the great heaven of universal life would be poorer for missing.—*Phillips Brooks*.

If any little word of ours can make one life the brighter;

If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter;

God help us speak that little word, and take our bit of singing.

And drop it in some lonely vale, and set the echoes ringing.

Whatever may be our fault, our besetting sin, God has given us some power by which to overcome it.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking 'Shall I send such a book to such a person?' before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

The following are offered by All Souls Branch, New York. Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey.

Lincoln by Friend and Foe, by Noah Brooks
Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol, by W. J. Locke

The Laurentians, by T. Morris Longstreth
Moon-Face, by Jack London
The Great Within, by Charles D. Larson
On the Heights, by Charles D. Larson
Mastery of Fate, by Charles D. Larson
Poise and Power, by Charles D. Larson
Uncle William, by Jennette Lee
American Nights Entertainment, by Grant Overton

The Weavers (in paper), by Gilbert Parker
A New Heaven and a New Earth, by Charles B. Patterson
The Rough Riders (in paper), by Theodore Roosevelt

Clara Hopgood, by Mark Rutherford
The Seer of Slabsides (John Burroughs), by D. L. Sharp

Scenes from Every Land. A Collection from the *National Geographic Magazine*

A Cure of Souls, by May Sinclair
Gondola Days, by F. Hopkinson Smith
Philosophy of Style. An Essay, by Herbert Spencer

Treasure Island, by R. L. Stevenson
Uncle Tom's Cabin, by H. B. Stowe
Cruise of the Kawa (a fake voyage to the South Seas), by W. E. Traprock
The Law and the Word, by T. Troward

Decay of Capitalist Civilization, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb

The Old Order Changeth: A view of American Democracy, by William Allen White

An Earnest Trifler (A Story), Anonymous
Balzac: A Memoir, compiled by Katherine P. Wormeley

Louis Lambert (Balzac), translated by K. P. Wormeley

Village Rector (Balzac), translated by K. P. Wormeley

Plain-Man and His Wife, by Arnold Bennett
Nutrition of a Household, by E. T. and L. Brewster
The House Not Made with Hands, by Emma E. Carr

Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll

Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe

Wit and Wisdom (of) George Eliot

Fortune of the Republic and Other American Addresses, by R. W. Emerson

Making Life Worth While, by Herbert W. Fisher
Trail of the Lonesome Pine, by John Fox, Jr.

Sylvan Year, by Philip G. Hamerton

Church and the Man, by Donald Hankey

Wilt Thou Not Sing? A book of verses, by Alice Harriman

Cupid's Almanac and Guide to Hearticulture, by Oliver Herford

Hidden Words (from the Arabic)

This Freedom, by A. S. M. Hutchinson

Tragedy at the Beach Club, by William Johnston

How to Read, by J. B. Kerfoot

Abraham's Bosom, by Basil King

Arsene Lupin, by Maurice Leblanc (Edgar Jepson, Jr.)

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Isaac Stuart, Brandon, N. C., asks for the following to use in the neighborhood: "Nancy," "House on the Marsh," "A Life's Secret," "The Mystery," "Leah's Mistake," "Diana Carew," "Agatha," "Marvie," "Barbara."

2. Mrs. Mae Parrack, Randlett, Okla., will be glad of reading and a correspondent.

3. "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," "Making Advertisements and Making Them Pay," and scraps for quilts are asked for by Mrs. Rosa Walsh, Willow Springs, Mo., R. 2. Mrs. Walsh is 61 years of age, living alone, three quarters of a mile from the road and her mail box. She will appreciate our attention.

4. Lillie Ida Bryant, Dodson, Va., needs a dictionary.

5. *Ladies' Home Journal* is asked for by Mrs. J. E. Shuford, Jones Creek, N. C.

6. Miss Edna V. Johnson, Pedlar Mills, Va., asks for second-grade music books, Russell's "Life of Cromwell," Life of Henry VIII, and a Life of Queen Elizabeth, also a History of the Anglo-Saxons.

7. Miss Attie Eastbridge, Clifton, N. C., an invalid, will appreciate magazines and books, preferring old fiction rather than the modern.

8. "Lavender and Old Lace" is asked for by Mrs. Aileen Cherry, Lamesa, Texas, R. 1.

9. Mrs. Mary Blevins, White Top, Va., would like light reading.

10. A dictionary is wanted by Mrs. A. M. Taylor, Amherst, Va., R. 2, Box 40.

11. Mrs. Nora T. Stone, Ridgeway, Va., R. 2, will be glad of *Needlecraft* or the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

12. As it has been some time since I wrote, I would love for you to publish my letter. I have not received any reading from the *Cheerful Letter* members in over a year. All that may be sent to my husband, three children, and myself will be highly appreciated. Our children are fond of reading and recitations. I would be glad if someone would send them books and pieces to memorize. Any reading or patchwork sent to me will be appreciated, as my husband is away from home a great deal of his time, and we need something to help pass the hours away. (Mrs.) J. G. Hartsog, Jefferson, N. C.

13. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the things they have sent me. My invalid husband would like to be remembered again. Would like any good reading. I have a boy of six years, a girl two years old. Would like story books and pictures; scraps for quilts would also be appreciated. (Mrs.) O. S. Owens, Wallace, N. C., R. F. D.

14. I am a young wife, and live in a lonely neighborhood. Will some kind friend send me *Needlecraft* of this year, and some crochet thread, No. 3 and 5, white? For reference, Rev. George Smith, Lilesville, N. C. (Mrs.) Ethel Kirby, Lilesville, N. C., R. F. D., Box 29.

15. I have long been a silent member of this good work and enjoyed the little *Cheerful Letter*. I have four children with me now, and all enjoy good reading, so I am asking for a small Bible and a pocket dictionary for Burton, aged 16; some good reading for Howard, aged 10, and any good books and magazines for the two girls—Adeline, aged 14, and Ruth, aged 12. I hope I am not asking too much. I will pass the reading on to others of our neighbors, as there are so many girls and boys who need and enjoy good reading. (Mrs.) F. P. Doyle, Martinsville, Va.

16. A dear friend told me to write you, and that you would be so glad to help the lonely. I am a widow, mother of five children. We rent to live; have no home of our own. My oldest daughter is weakly. Would you please send me reading and quilt scraps; also books that would be suitable for a girl of 16 years, in the seventh grade? Many thanks to the *Cheerful Letter*, if you will help me bear my troubles. My husband has been dead three years. (Mrs.) Rosa V. Johnson, Stungills, N. C.

17. I want very much a copy of the *Boston Transcript*, containing the article by Philip Cabot; I am interested in his struggle after the Light. It touched a chord in my own soul experiences. (Miss) E. L. Reynolds, 319 Sumner Avenue, Netherwood, N. J.

18. I wish some of the ladies of the *Cheerful Letter* circle would send me reading matter and scraps for quilt blocks. I am a cripple woman; been crippled since I was four years old. That was fifty years ago, making me not young any more. I have to stay at home alone much of the time. Some kind friend has sent me the *Cheerful Letter* paper. Minnie Aungst, Sunfield, Mich.

19. I wish to express my thanks to the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends, for their kindness. I cannot tell you how much happiness you have

brought into our home. I try to send individual thanks to everyone. We will be very grateful for anything you wish to send. I will be glad to correspond with the *Cheerful Letter* ladies. (Mrs.) Walter Johnson, Brandon, N. C. Reference, Rev. F. L. Stungills, Stungills, N. C.

20. Books and anything interesting to a lonely woman living in the mountains, will be much appreciated by (Mrs.) Mary Blevins, White Top, Va., R. 2, Box 47.

21. Mrs. J. Becker, Youngstown, N. Y., Fort Niagara, Box 62, will be glad of the "Story of the North," a cookbook, and a story book for her six-year-old boy.

22. "You who are hard of hearing, do you know that there is a national organization that is eager to help you with your problems? The American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, 1601 35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., wants to get in touch with you!"

23. I am writing you for a few books for my girls, aged 17 and 12, and some cards and picture books for Eleanor, aged 7, Chalcie, aged 5, and Pauline, aged 3. They are all girls. I would be glad of a few good magazines and some scraps for patchwork; bits of crochet and embroidery thread would be welcome. Hope you will print my letter. I am not able to buy reading for my children. I heard of your good work, and I thought I would write. (Mrs.) Ida Barnes, Boomer, N. C., R. 1.

24. Mrs. Joe Broadaway, Polkton, N. C., R. 3, Box 11, asks for "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

25. Miss Leona Brown has moved from Forestburg to Sunset, Texas, and asks for quilt pieces, also for a correspondent.

26. Mrs. W. H. Halstead, Ainsworth, Nebr., Box 173, will appreciate and enjoy good reading.

27. It has been quite a while since I have heard from anyone. I am alone this winter, except one grandson. I am now sick, not able to do my little work around the house. I am old and feeble. Would be glad of any kind of cheer to help me and my grandson; he is 12 years old, and I am near 70 years, so any kind of cheer would be appreciated. Martha Threadgill, Ansonville, N. C.

28. Would some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends please send me something to read—magazines or papers. I am just recovering from pneumonia, and unable to do anything but read. Have not received any papers since Christmas. Am very grateful for all past favors. (Mrs.) Cora L. Harrington, Swatara, Minn.

29. I am a girl of 20, and am lonely and feel discouraged. I live near the mountains on a small farm, a long way from any church or school. I like reading, but am not able to buy any books. Would like to receive cards and letters from any of you kind friends. (Miss) Lena E. Sheppard, Campbell, N. C., R. 1, Box 13.

30. Mrs. Mary Hamricks, Mayodan, N. C., working in the cotton mill, will be glad of magazines or a good book.

31. Rev. A. P. Wilson, Market Street, Marietta, Pa., will be grateful for *Popular Mechanics* or any scientific or mechanical periodical.

SOME PILGRIM ADVENTURES

ONE of the most famous stories in our language is *The Pilgrim's Progress*, written about three hundred years ago in England. It tells the adventures of a man named Christian, who started on a journey to find the Heavenly Land. It is well worth reading, just as a story; more than that, it means a great deal. Different readers find different meanings in it, that apply to themselves. And that is just what the story-writer intended. He says, in his rhyming introduction to the book:—

This book will make a traveler of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand.

The man in the story was named Christian. A wise man named Evangelist had told him some things about the road to be followed, but other persons whom he met along the way thought he was giving himself much unnecessary trouble to keep to that road. Two such travelers were with him when they came to a high, steep hill called Difficulty, and they decided to try some paths that looked easier. But Christian found a pleasant spring at the foot of the hill; he paused to drink there, and then went straight on. The story-writer says:—

I looked then after Christian to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he changed from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and knees because of the steepness of the place. Now, when he was got to the top of the hill, came two men running. The name of the one was Timorous, and of the other, Mistrust; to whom Christian said: "Sirs, what is the matter? You run the wrong way."

Timorous answered that they, too, were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place. "But," said he, "the farther we go the more danger we meet, wherefore we turned and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust, "just before us lie a couple of lions in the way (whether sleeping or waking we know not), and we could but think that if we came within reach they would pull us in pieces."

Christian himself was terrified then, especially as it was growing dark and he knew not where he could find safe shelter for the night. But even while he was so perplexed, he looked ahead, and there was a stately palace near by the road; the name of the house was the Palace Beautiful. There, he thought, it would be good fortune to find shelter; but as he drew nearer he saw the two lions in the narrow road. Then he also was much afraid and almost ready to turn back, but a watchman called out to him that the lions were chained and could not do him any harm if he came boldly on.

Then said Christian: "Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here tonight?" And the watchman (or porter) answered: "This House was built by the Lord of the Hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims."

Then the family that lived there welcomed Christian and bade him stay over night. In the evening they told the pilgrim more about the Lord of the Hill; it seems that He had been a great warrior against the powers of evil, and all that He did was for love of the Country and of pilgrims traveling there. And later, after their talk, they all went to rest. The pilgrim slept in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising, and the name of the chamber was Peace.

On the morrow he got up to go forward, but they desired him to stay until the next day. "And then (said they) we will, if the day be clear, show you the Delectable Mountains;" which, they said, would yet farther add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where he then was. They took him to the top of the house and bid him look south. So he did, and, behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods and vineyards, fruits of all sorts and flowers, also, with springs and fountains very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Emmanuel's Land. "And when thou comest there," they said, "thou canst see even to the very gate of the Celestial City."

Before the pilgrim went upon his way the people of the house gave him weapons and armor, lest he might find himself in danger on the road. And so he proceeded, going down from the hill into a deep valley, called the Valley of Humiliation. As it was difficult climbing up that hill, so it was perilous going down, for there were many slippery places.

And now in this Valley of Humiliation, Christian was hard put to it, for he had gone but a

little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the fields to meet him. Then did Christian begin to be afraid and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground, but he resolved to venture. So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish; he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. And the terrible Apollyon demanded to know where the pilgrim was going.

When the wicked monster knew that Christian was traveling to find the Celestial City, he was angry and swore that he should go no farther. And then began so horrible a fight as had never been seen, and lasted for many hours, until Christian was all but conquered. But just as Apollyon was fetching his last blow, to put an end to the quest, Christian reached out and caught the sword that had been given him at the Palace Beautiful. And he shouted: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, for when I fall, I shall arise!" And Apollyon, feeling the sharp thrust, stayed no longer, but spread forth his dragon wings and flew away.

And when the fight was won, the pilgrim remembered that his sword had been provided by the thought of the great Lord of the Hill; and he sang:

"Therefore to Him let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless His holy Name always."

And as Christian went still farther on his way, he found another pilgrim named Faithful, who was also bound for the Celestial City, and they became friends and traveled together. And when they were got out of the wilderness, they came to a town called Vanity, where all the year long there was a great fair called Vanity Fair. And in that town they found offered for sale every sort of luxury and foolish fancy. These were urged upon the pilgrims, that they should buy; but the pilgrims, knowing how worthless were the costly wares, had no desire for them. This coldness the people of the Fair took as a grievous insult, and they had the pilgrims arrested and thrown into prison as enemies to the community; for they could not imagine any things better worth having than the trumpery wares from which they made a living.

When Christian was at last freed from the prison, he went on his way with another friend called Hopeful. They, too, had many strange adventures and fell into dire perils; but at the end of all they came within sight of the Celestial City, which they had longed to reach. The distant City looked as if it were built of pure gold, and when the sun shone upon it the beauty and glory were too much for mortal eyes to bear. And at that place the travelers met two Shining Ones that came to greet them.

The Shining Ones asked the pilgrims whence they had come, and the pilgrims told them of the long wandering and the strange happenings on the way. Then said the Shining Ones: "You have yet two more difficulties to meet, and then you are in the City."

The first of these two difficulties was the crossing of a strange river, very dark and deep. The only way to cross was to swim the deep waters. They were at first afraid, but they remembered that a promise had been given to all faithful folk that the deep waters should bring no harm, and, indeed, they soon found themselves on the other side of the river. And on that farther side of the river rose a very high mountain, higher than the very clouds, with the glorious City on its summit. For with that one last climb they reached the end of their journey.

The story told by the old writer lets us hear of what happened to other pilgrims, too, besides Christian and his special friends. One of the finest of all was called Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, a gallant fighter who sturdily made his way, no matter what evil hindrances lay in the path. One way in which this man kept up good courage was by singing a song of his own:—

"Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

"Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

"Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies, fly away!
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim."

—(Adapted from John Bunyan.)

Belief in immortality is a part of that inward experience which we call knowledge. It deepens with this Christian experience; and as we grow in faith and love, trust and hope, so we pray more, and realize more the presence of God. We become more certain of the resurrection.

AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

I

CONCEALED QUOTATION

In each sentence in order is concealed one word of a saying attributed to President Lincoln, the whole containing thirteen words: 1. Go, dear, and get me some water. 2. Let Erasmus take the automobile. 3. Martha, Vera and Elaine are cousins. 4. Is this your glove, Dorothy? 5. Kenneth entered high school yesterday. 6. His name is Winthrop L. Ainsworth. 7. Mother, Alice has a new cape; O, please buy me a new one, too. 8. Miss Wood is going with Edith. 9. Mamma deposited fifty dollars in the bank. 10. This opal is a fine stone. 11. Did you hem any towels today? 12. We have made these slippers also for you. 13. The men worked in the garden all day long. —*American Boy*.

II

ENIGMA

I am composed of 24 letters:

My 19, 22, 23, 24, 20, 4, is something beautiful.

My 13, 2, 8, is a boy's nickname.

My 17, 20, 21, 22, is a girl's nickname.

My 8, 11, 18 is an animal.

My 14, 11, 15, 5 is sacred.

My 13, 6, 23 is a number.

My 9, 10, 2, 8, 2, 3 is a country.

My 18, 15, 16, 4, 5 is won in peace and war.

My 8, 4, 2, 9, 9 is something girls wear.

My 6, 7, 12 is a great disaster.

My 1, 23, 21, 22, 23, 24 is a sunken place in the ground.

My whole is a famous American poet.

Sammy was not prone to over-exertion in the class-room; therefore his mother was both surprised and delighted when he came home one noon with the announcement, "I got one hundred this morning." "That's lovely, Sammy!" exclaimed his proud mother, and she kissed him tenderly. "What was it in?" "Fifty in reading and fifty in 'rithmetic." —*Onward*.

Ian Maclaren in one of his lectures in Boston gave the following delicious bit of Scotch humor. It was the story of a parishioner of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, who, on her husband falling ill with typhus fever, called in another clergyman. "Why didn't you fetch your own minister?" was asked. "D'ye think," was the woman's reply, "we would risk Norman with typhus fever?"

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

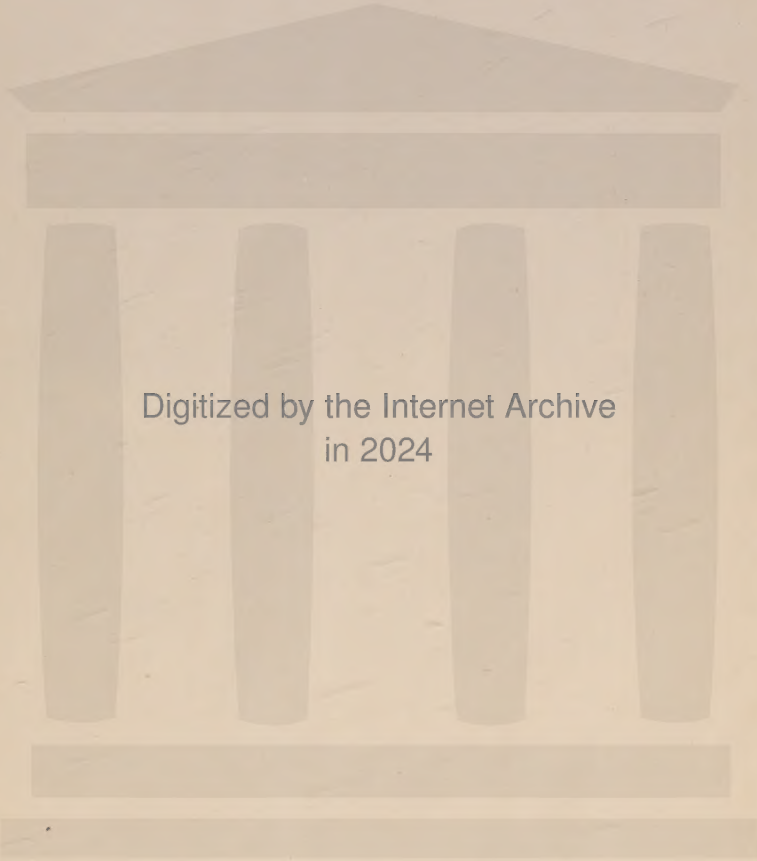
There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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